A POEM ON TOBACCO, FROM THE Original LATIN OF *RAPHAEL THORIUS*, AN Eminent Physician.

By the Reverend WILLIAM BEWICK.

LONDON: Printed by J. READ, and Sold by J. HARRIS, overagainst the *New-Exchange* in the *Strand*; A. DODD at the *Peacock* without *Temple-Bar*; and the Bookfellers of *London* and *Westminster*, 1725. Price 6 d.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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A POEM ON TOBACCO.

I Sing the harmleſs Pipe, the fragrant Herb,
The joyful Plant that helps the tuneful (Bard:
Apollo with thy golden Luſtre ſhine;
Aſſiſt thy Servant bowing at thy Shrine:
Thou art the *Patron* of our lovely Choir;
The Muſes Guardian and their noble Sire:
An humble Servant of the begging Tribe,
Implores thee for his Guardian and his Guide:
Strike up the grateful Harp with warbling Song;
Direct the Muſe and waft her ſafe along:

Cenſures of the Baſe,
Tricks of malignant Race:
With skilful Hand touch the ſoft trembling Strings;
And as the Morning Lark mounts high and Sings;
So let my warbling Muſe with winged Speed,
Mount the Sublime and thro' high Æther tread.

Come, Boy, a Pipe of what *Virginia* yields,
The Herb that grows in the fair *Indian* Fields;
That drinking up the God in curling Trains,
High raptures may enrich and fill my Veins;
Then ſhall I ſweetly ſing the Praiſe of Funck;
My Head grown dizzy and my Senſes drunk.

The noble Plant for Mortal uſe deſign'd,
Was not firſt found by one of Mortal kind;
Immortal *Bacchus*, when the liquid Toaſt,
With ivy Spear led on the reeling Hoſt,
Diſcover'd firſt the Balſam of our Grief,
In a fair Champion with expanded Leaf;
In rolling times the Herb was better known;
Sail'd thro' the World, and had a ſettled Throne.

Sol now high-mounted on his golden Chair,
Shot ſultry Beams thro' Windows of the Air;
The thiſtry Atoms drunk the humid Soil;
And Men did ſweat and without labour Broil;

When

When *Bacchus* underſtood his dreadful Foes
From rugged Cotts in ſteely Armour roſe:
Down in a gloomy Bottom they were laid,
Prepar'd for fighting in an Ambuſcade:
To Arms, to Arms, he calls with haughty look,
The Legions Muſter, and the Leopard's Yoke:
All full of Battle was the furious God;
His Feet did ſtumble, and his Head-piece nod:
Silenus order'd to his high Commands,
With luſtful Satyrs march'd in dreadful Bands;
His mounting-Aſs went after richly Dreſt,
An old, decrepit, and a limping Beaſt:
The heavy Baggage follow'd with a Guard,
Which like ſome moving Wilderneſs appear'd;
This carry'd Ammunition for the Hoſt;
And ſuch Proviſion as they needed moſt.

Now while the furious Cohorts flew about,
With nimble ſpeed to find the Enemy out;
With dreadful Swords and Weapons in their Hands,
And weary Feet traverſing burning Sands,
A direful Famine raging thro' the Coaſt,
With burning Thirſt oppreſt the mighty Hoſt;
To Earth they reeling fell with Faces prone;
Their Limbs grew Feeble, all the Moiſture gone.
Bacchus that firſt found out the noble Vine,
And gave us the rich Cordial of his Wine,

In want himſelf of his own Liquor ſtood,
To cool the raging Fever of his Blood:
A Cask tapt off into an ample Jar,
Provided for *Silenus* in the War,
Was overſet —— with thirſty Jaws old Sire;
And ſcalding Beams was ready to expire:
The *Menades*, the Satyrs and a Crew
Of youthful Sots, of Thirſt impatient flew,
Thro' every Hill, thro' every pleaſant Plain,
To ſeek freſh Water-Springs; but all in vain:
At length grown weary think it not amiſs
To broach their Veſſels and drink up their Piſs;
A filthy Draught, and yet this Liquor fails,
Their Bladders empty and their Thirſt prevails:
All hopes cut off, (Confuſion fills our Ears)
A diſmal Scene of woful Acts appears,
Out of black Jaws ſome Breath their reeking Souls:
Some drink the Crimſon Blood in Scarlet Bowls:
With mutual Rage they gaſh each others Veins,
To ſave poor fleeting Life with dingring Pains.

Now when this feeble, ſickly, fainting Hoſt,
Was juſt a ſinking, going to be loſt;
In diſtant Valley with a darkſome Green,
A Face promiſcuous with a Glimmer ſeen,
With doubtful Colours in a doubtful Light,
Preſents itſelf far off to dubious Sight:

With

With joyful Hopes erected, *Eolus* Shouts,
Crys he, Brave Boys, no one your Courage doubts:
Hold to your Arms, a while the Field maintain;
I ſee ſome Succours in the joyful Plain:
With all their feeble might, with wrigling Pace,
They crawl along to reach the joyful Place;
Bind up the gaping Wound and bleeding Sore;
Refuſe to die that could not live before.

As they approacht, the ſmiling Harveſt ſtood;
With waving Greens it ſeem'd a moving Wood:
On ſlender Shanks ſhot up a tender Herb,
With pendent foliage and a Head ſtuperb:
Joys! *Bacchus* crys, this Herb is all divine;
The lovely Siſter of my darling Vine;
I own the Kindred and confeſs I love;
The tender Sapling is the Gift of Jove:
About to ſpeak. The giddy People deaf,
With forward Fury pluck the verdant Leaf
From the diſ-joynted Stalk, and chew the Cud:
Diſtilling Balſom proves a wholſome Food;
It ſlakes their Hunger, and abates their Thirſt,
And makes them ſtrong and luſty as at firſt:
But old *Silenus* thro' experience ſtay'd,
Was not ſo forward with the profer'd Weed:
With wary Prudence, but a great Command,
Deſires to know how Matters with them ſtand:

Few

Moments paſt their Error was reveal'd;
The Iſſue told them what the Plant conceal'd:
Thro' their Pavilions ſpeedy rumour ſpreads,
In filthy Vomits and in ſh——n Beds:
They reeling fall, and to the Bottom ſink;
As Men whoſe Heads are over-born with Drink:
With Miſts before their Eyes the Earth turns round;
And Heaven deſcends to meet the riſeing Ground:
Sleep, Couſin German of our certain Fate,
With poppy Leaves on nodding Temples ſate,
Comes ſtealing on them with a ſwift Surprize,
Preſageing Death and Sealing up their Eyes.

Here you might ſee whole Herds of Semi-Goats,
With cloven Feet ſtretcht out, and gaping Throats;
Amidſt the burning Sands aſleep they Snore,
So loud, they might be heard from diſtant Shoar:
With weary Limbs there lay the *Mimallones*;
Devoted unto Death with diſmal Groans;
But ſhortly after all their Qualms diſcuſt;
And torpid Humours in ſoft Slumbers huſht:
New Spirits coming from their old Retreats
With freſh Supplies, took up their former Seats;
Their Strength recovers, and they cheerful riſe;
They ſtare about them with Hobgoblin's Eyes;
With ſilent Wonder on firm Feet they ſtand,
And take the Ivy Spear in brawny Hand,

Which

Which waving round them in the yielding Air,
They proudly claim the diſtant Foe to War.

Amazed with the Sight *Silenus* ſays,
With thankful Hearts, my Friends, give Heav'n the Praiſe:
We came not here; but by the Gods were ſent;
They favour'd us with their Aſſiſtance lent;
You by their Kindneſs are reſtor'd at length,
And have your former Health, and former Strength:
Heav'ns pointed out the Way to cure your Grief,
Directing you to the Tobacco-Leaf:
Confeſs the Gods from whom your Safety came;
And think not *Bacchus* now an idle Name:
Had healthful Troops come on the ſickly Hoſt,
We had been utterly undone and loſt;
Firſt overcome with Illneſs, they had gain'd
An eaſy Conqueſt without Blood obtain'd:
Now let them come, and they will quickly find,
A valiant Soldier, and a warlike Mind:
Let them ruſh forward, if it ſeemeth good,
And try our Valour in the Field of Blood:
If any Wiſdom lies in theſe grey Hairs,
There is ſtrong Poiſon lurking in the Wares:
Permit not down into the lower Vault,
The greeniſh Liquor, with promiſcuous Salt
Engender'd in the Leaf; chew not the Cud;
The eating of it raw proves baneful Food;

Cook'd with the Sun, and with the Harveſt ripe,
You may ſecurely venture on a Pipe.
If I with future Things may be ſo bold,
That in dark Cyphers darkly lye enroll'd;
The ſubtle Vapours drawn through hollow Canes,
Tho' hurtful to the Draught, may help the Brains.
Proceed then gallant Youths on the Deſign,
To make your ſparkling Wits the brighter ſhine;
With rapid Thought beat out the rare Device,
To raiſe the heavenly Gift to higher Price;
Myſelf your Leader, follow me with Care,
I ſhall direct you through the whole Affair.
Firſt I command you, when the Leaf is dry'd
Long in the open Sun with wither'd Hide;
Take ſo much of it as will ſerve your Turn,
And with the little Bits by Fingers ſhorn,
Fill you the hollow Tube, as you deſire,
And light the catching Leaf with *Phœbus* Fire;
Then having plac'd your Lips in proper Site,
With bladder'd Cheeks draw forth the ſtreaming
(White;
In waving Clouds the ſilver Beams will riſe,
And ſpread rich Incenſe thro' the vaulted Skies;
Some finding to the Head an eaſy Way,
Will ſcatter all the Miſts that there in Quarters lay.

Silenus ended; all the Satyrs flew,
Swift to the joyful Work with hopeful View;

Some plucking by the Roots provide the Reed;
And ſome with nimble Fingers mince the Weed;
Obſequious Matter ſuck'd, runs down their Throats,
And Coughs unequal come on Semi-goats;
Their own Companions making merry Game,
With Laughters loud their joyful Mirth proclaim;
Silenus laughs himſelf to ſee his Boys,
Keep ſuch a Clutter and an empty Noiſe.

Now Fire a wanting, quickly they enquire,
With ardent Wiſh for what they wanted, Fire:
An old Man there, with Wrinkles in his Face,
From his Port-manteau, in a ſhagreen Caſe,
Draws forth a Cryſtal, which was the Device
Of ſage *Prometheus*, when from vaulted Skies,
In Sight of all the heav'nly Gods he ſtole,
And from the burning Furnace ſnatch'd his Coal.
Says he, my Friends, behold what you deſire,
Within this Cryſtal lies the lurking Fire:
Forthwith dry Leaves collected from the Ground,
The ſhining Cryſtal with a Circle round,
Depreſt in Centre, but with artful Riſe,
So neatly poliſh'd, ſcarce perceiv'd with Eyes,
With skillful Hand was ſet in whirling Streams,
Athwart the Skies, to catch deſcending Beams;
The pointed Atoms in the Center meet,
Pervade the Glaſs, and thence augment the Heat;

Quick, kindling Fuel ſcents the neighbour Air,
With ſure and joyful News that Fire is there.

Right gladſome Fawns, and joyful Satyrs praiſe,
And on high Shoulders their old Maſter raiſe;
Repeated Shouts and Acclamations riſe,
Rend the dividing Clouds, and cleave the Skies:
Silenus firſt takes up the hollow Reed,
Sets it to Mouth, and ſoftly ſucks the Weed;
The ſuck'd in Fumes mount up with whirling Train,
And from his Noſtrils ſwift ruſh forth again;
Forthwith in love with the bewitching Streams;
And much refreſh'd therewith, all Vigour ſeems:
As from carouſing Cups of ſparkling Wine,
When brisk and gay our jolly Humours ſhine,
The creeping Pleaſure with high Tide of Blood,
Comes ſtealing on us hardly underſtood;
In moiſten'd Mouth he has no clammy Thirſt,
Nor is he vex'd with Hunger as at firſt;
No filthy ſpewing makes the Ground complain;
Only a little light and giddy Brain;
Some pearly Dew upon the Forehead points,
With ſlender Qualms upon the quivering Joints;
But they all vaniſh'd, and himſelf unhurt,
Prepares for cheerful Mirth and jolly Sport;
Then all at Leiſure ſtretch'd beneath the Shade
Of the rich Herbage, waving round his Head;

With pleaſant Speech beguiles the tedious Hours,
Acquaints them how all Science had its Courſe;
Unfolds rich Treaſures from his heav'nly Soul,
Explaining ſporting Nature's hidden Scroll;
Mentions how Orbs entangled with the Spheres,
Lay in dark Night without the Light of Stars;
How Man at firſt created took his Birth;
With all the Wonders of the teeming Earth,
At length concludes wiſe Oracles with brief,
But bright Reflections on the *Indian*-Leaf.

Now all around him crowd the *Sylvan* Train,
Each Man provided with his hollow Cane;
The Tubes all new and full of fragrant Leaf,
But not ſo dextrous as their ancient Chief;
The cloudy Vapour down the Wind-pipe goes,
Which ſhould have been emitted thro' the Noſe;
With Mouth compreſt they had not Senſe enough,
To mount the Vapour and throw out the Puff;
The Cough comes on them, and loud Laughters riſe,
And joyful Tears run down from watery Eyes;
But by Example ſet before them, bid
To mind exactly what their Maſter did,
They ſet about the Work with utmoſt Care,
And with Perfumes repleniſh all the Air.

While all were ſporting on the pleaſant Green,
And nought but Mirth and cheerful Paſtime ſeen;

The joyful Meſſengers long wiſh't for came;
But with their Journies and long Marches lame:
With freſh Proviſions brought whereon to dine;
And foaming Hogſheads crowded full of Wine.
Repeated ſhouts thro' diſtant Places ſound,
Which Ecchoes double all the Vallies round:
Inſtead of Smoking, they lay down their Canes;
And Feaſt and Sing, O joyful in the Plains:
Returning Beaſts, and their old Maſter's Aſs,
Muſt not without their Salutations paſs:
Then doing Sacrifice to *Ceres* firſt;
And afterwards with *Bacchus* ſtanching thirſt,
With mutual turns, as if they did combine,
With *Indian* Leaf they mingle *Maſſick* Wine:
They Smoke, they Whoop, they Dance as *Tory*-Boys,
Till Midnight Hours, and Sleep huſh all the Noiſe.

When next *Aurora* peeping thro' the Eaſt,
Saw them ſecure with Peace and all at reſt;
And had admoniſh't them with tender Care,
Of future Miſchief and impending War:
The God of Wine, and old *Silenus* riſe:
To bowing Squadrons give their good Advice:
With all the Arguments which Wit could find;
With all the Eloquence which charms the Mind;
If any ſhould to Cowardice decline,
With Yeſterday's Debauch, and too much Wine;

To

To pluck their Courage up with moving ſtrain;
And bring them to their former ſelves again.

Enough of Feaſts, enough of Drunken brawls;
To bloody Fields the God of Battle calls:
Aſſume your former Stern and dreaded Brow;
Let Wrath and Fury there cohabit now:
Compoſe your Arms to wield the deadly Blow:
Perhaps next Minute you may ſee the Foe:
Should ſudden Troops come from the hidden (Grounds;
And ruſh Swift on you ſtraggling out of bounds;
You gallant Youths might periſh by the Sword;
Dye unreveng'd, a Death to be abhorr'd:
Your Valour, Sirs, has formerly been known;
With many glorious Actions, you have done;
But truſting faithleſs Foes, tho' out of ſight;
And fondly thinking, Cowards cannot Fight;
Marching ſecure when Strangers in a Land,
Reflects on us that ought to have Command:
Go on intrepid, but calm and ſedate;
And bring not on your Heads untimely Fate:
With Troops well order'd, all in rank and file,
Tread ſoft and eaſy every meaſur'd Mile:
Pipes in your Mouths fill'd with Tobacco ſhorn;
Your Tinder dry; but let your Matches burn:
Thus will your Courage riſe for eager fight;
And with the ſmoking Clouds and uncouth ſight,

Your

Your frighted Foes abandon soon the Field;
Or call for Quarter and to Conquest yield:
Be Men and in the Regiſter of Fame,
Procure yourſelves an everlaſting Name.

Thus ſaid, they all conſent with humble Thanks,
To keep their Stations and obſerve their Ranks.
High in his Charriot Father *Bacchus* ſhines,
With rich Carbuncles dropt from *Maſſick* Wines;
He overtops the Simple gazing Crowd,
As ſome tall Cedar overlooks a Wood:
Amidſt the Troops he Waves his Ivy Spear;
And ſeems not *Bacchus*; but the God of War.
Next rides *Silenus* on a ſhabby Beaſt,
On which the Curry-comb had ſeldom paſt:
He was no Soldier; but a fellow Mate;
And with the God of Wine in Council ſate:
Unapt to Arms; but Eloquent and Wiſe;
And could in ſudden Dangers well Adviſe.

Now the deep Squadrons all extended wide,
Ran into equal Wings on either Side:
With valiant Minds and eager for the Fight,
They claim the Foe, and wiſh him in their Sight:
The Foe near hand, and ready at their Will;
Upon the Summit of a joining Hill,
Directly thwart, his Head uplifted rears,
And ſhews himſelf with points of glittering Spears.

Baſiarides,

Baſiarides with raging Paſſion fumes;
The Trumpets ſound, they beat their Kettle-Drums,
And ſharpen with good Wine their ſettled Wrath;
And ſmoking Clouds exclude the Face of Death:
Deep Squadrons cover'd on the equal Plain,
With dreadful Smoke ſend forth more dreadful (Flame:
Amidſt the Champaign in a frightful Form,
All Thunder, Lightning, and a growling Storm:
Poor trembling *Indians* ſeiz'd with panick Fear,
Believe that all the Devils in Hell were there:
With Souls agaſt, refuſe unequal Fight
With ugly Monſters of the gloomy Night:
Some throwing down their Arms as Cowards run,
But fly a Danger which they need not ſhun;
No greater Favour would the Hero's boaſt,
Then have the Honour to preſerve the Hoſt;
Some pray for Pardon on their ſupple Knees,
And patient wait what Doom the Victors pleaſe;
With ſad Confuſion and a burning Shame,
They ſee their Folly, and their Error blame;
To dread a Phantom and the aery Smoak,
To loſe their Freedom and recieve the Yoke,
This galls them; but dire Power with mingling (ſweet,
The Converſation and the gentle Treat;
Indulgent kindneſs and the Conqueror's love,
Some eaſe to Bondage, and a Comfort prove;

Without Diſtinction now the Wars do ceaſe,
One Day the Conqueror and the Conquer'd ſees,
Promiſcuous Feaſt carouſing in full Bowls,
Handing about their Pipes as loving Souls ;
Some praiſe the Leaf ; but wiſh it ſooner known ;
And reeking Smoak drinks all their Sorrows down.

Thus have you ſeen the firſt Diſcovery made,
And grand Original of the ſmoaking Trade ;
Now what remains muſt be to ſhow in Brief,
The ſilent Vertues of *Tobacco*'s Leaf ;
What Conſtitutions it agrees with beſt ;
But quarrels with ill Humours in the reſt ;
But this my undertaking ſomething new,
Propitious Muſe, aſſiſt a further View.

In this ſtupendous Herb ſo much renown'd,
There is not one, but many Virtues found ;
Enrich'd with divers Gifts of divers kinds,
It rides Triumphant and enſlaves our Minds ;
All happy Plants that grace the verdant Field,
Muſt bow their Heads and to its Honour yield ;
The purging *Rubarb* and ſtrong *Hellebore*,
The cheerful Vine, and Balſom for the Sore ;
The fat'ning Bean on which the Swine do feed ;
Nepenthes ſweets, and Poppys heavy Head :
Admire O! Heavens the dreadful Power of God,
So many wonders in a ſmall Abode ;

Small

Small as the Duſt and Atoms of the Sand,
It ſhuns our Sight, and flys the graſping Hand ;
Swift riſe the Clouds to form a waving Grove,
And certain Medicines to Diſtempers prove ;
Would you in earneſt know the hidden Cauſe,
With deep reſearches ſtudy Nature's Laws ;
For whether mingled Salts make the Compound ;
And form its Genius in a fertile Ground,
Or ſimple Nature reigning uniform ;
But divers Cauſes give a different Turn,
Wears different Liveries in a different Caſe ;
At different Seaſons has a different Face ;
Or diſtinct Bodies make the Tincture good,
Is Nature's Noſtrum hardly underſtood ;
But might we bring Examples in the Caſe,
For our Direction thro' the troubleſome Maze ;
Or uſe a little Freedom with its frame,
And into ſimilar Parts divide the ſame ;
Perhaps ſome Entertainment we might find,
To eaſe the Fancy and relieve the Mind ;
And if not Truth as bright *Aurora* riſe,
Yet ſome ſmall Shadows ſtrike our feeble Eyes ;
Whatever lies in pregnant Nature's Field,
Which to the critick Senſe does reliſh yield ;
We muſt by force of weighty Reaſon own,
Has by the common Name of Salt been known ;
But with this Salt there are two Tempers mixt,
A volant Humour and a Nature fixt ;

The firſt a Fugitive in Nature flies
Its native Subſtance for the ſtranger Skies ;
Hangs on the Top and with a drooping Wing,
As ſooty Atoms, does to Bodies cling ;
The other Species of it ſtedfaſt cleaves,
And never its corporal Subſtance leaves;
But cloſe adhering with a tenure Tight,
Defies the Chymiſts power and all his might ;
And in the *mortuum Caput* ſtill remains,
From whence the Name of fixed Salt obtains.

Another thing deſerves our juſt Regard ;
Within the Entrails of the Earth interr'd
Lie many Salts, which give a Nouriſhment,
With proper Fluor to each native Plant ;
Hence with the Tincture our rich Spices flow ;
And Flow'rs breath heav'nly Odors where they
(grow :

But lower down, near *Orcus*, far from Light,
Where yawning Horrors reign and gloomy Night,
With noiſom Damps hung round the min'ral
(Grove,
Thro' dreary Paths confuſed Sulphurs rove ;
Here ſhining *Nitre*, wrapt in ſlimy clods,
And baneful Arſenicks have their dire abodes ;
Here of an igneous Nature ſweating forth,
Flows the *Bitumen* from the turgid Earth ;

Here

Here *Vitriol* lies conceal'd in yellow Ruſt;
And pungent *Allum* in the Beds of Duſt;
With many other things which are conceal'd;
Affect the Senſe and various Sapors yield.

Now ſhould a Man attempt with Verſe prolix,
To ſift the Matter and the Kindred fix,
From which the noble Plant his Stem derives;
And what the Virtues are with which it thrives;
In the *Bitumen* he would find the Oil,
Would recompenſe his Sudorifick toyl;
A Subſtance unctuous, clammy, ſmelling ſtrong;
With flying Nitre's crowding in a Throng;
An eaſy Fuel for the ready Spark;
With Clouds condens'd which make the hideous Dark:
But with ſuch Colours painted fair and true;
Who does not apprehend the Herb in view,
Muſt be adjudg'd as Blind and void of Senſe,
When nothing can with greater Force convince:
Cut in the Hands it unctuous Matter leaves;
And clammy Stuff to filthy Fingers cleaves;
In bleeding Wounds ſhows forth a healing Power;
Skins ſlow the Wound; but works a certain Cure;
Apply'd to feſtering Sores it carries off
With cleanſing Acids all the putrid Stuff:
From the fell Guſt the backward Jaws retreat;
And in the Mouth is left a vivid Heat;

Diffuſed

Diffuſed Odors circling every where,
With ſtrong impuls of Wind and wafting Air,
Excuſs the drowſie Humour from a Man;
And ſhake the Lither from his torpid Brain:
Hence ſneezing comes with ſurreptitious Stealth,
Diſtills our Noſtrils and draws off the Filth;
But then converted in the flaming Urn
Into a Vapor of aerial Form;
Impregn'd with vivid Salts which upwards rowl;
In waving Streams it mounts the Capitol,
Pervaded only by bright Intellects,
A noble Fabrick in high Ethers Tracts;
Whence to exhauſted Spirits freſh Supplies;
And ſparkling Wit returns and the dull Humour (dies:

Hail happy Plant! All Nations own thy Name;
The Gift of Gods; the beſt that ever came:
When painful Husbandmen all weary come,
From irkſome Labour to their joyful Home,
With reeking Whiffs of thee in humble Cott,
Their Thoughts are eaſy and their Pains forgot;
With kind Refreſhment and vivifick Heat,
Tobacco ſerves inſtead of other Meat.
That intellectual Glory ſhining bright;
And beamy Extract from ethereal Light;
That ſhade of God, the Wiſdom of the Wiſe,
Derives from thee her Luſtre and her Riſe:

If

If any time the glutted Sink below,
Affect the upper Houſe with cloudy View ;
Or if by too much poreing we prove dull ;
And take not in Ideas clear and full ;
Or if we apprehend them full and clear,
But are not able for to fix them there ;
If blind Oblivion with tyrannick Face,
Imprint a Dele, or aſperſe the Place,
No ſooner does kind *Vulcan* bring a Light,
Enrich the Day and make thy Taper bright ;
When the blue Flame comes mingling with thy
(Beams ;
And gentle Light'ning plays in ſilver Streams ;
But all the Miſts that troubled us before,
And puzzled Thoughts clear up and leave the
(Shoar ;
Swift our Invention comes with happy Turns ;
And ſtript Ideas ſtand in naked Forms ;
The World's huge Frame with Veil unfolded now;
Stands full in ſight and fair in open View :
How with eternal Wiſdom things are rang'd ;
How Forms ſubſiſt and how the Modes are chang'd,
Extracted Figures fair in every kind,
Affect the Senſe and ſtrike the wond'ring Mind.

Have you not often ſeen a mighty Throng
Of People come, to hear ſome chanting Tongue ?

The painful Orator all trembling ſtands,
To ſee the gaping Crowd with uplift Hands;
Begins his flowing Speech with melting Style,
The gazing Crowd attentive all the while;
Anon confounded with diſtracting Gaze,
Forgets himſelf and knows not what he ſays;
Abrupt breaks off, his Words and Matter fail,
And o'er his Tongue his diſmal Fears prevail:
No ſooner does he taſte the *Indian* Weed,
And with the precious Incenſe fume his Head,
But frighted Words and Matter come again,
With clear Ideas ſettled iu the Brain;
Declaims afreſh, and to their great Surprize,
Sends joyful People home with melting Eyes.

Have you beheld an Academick Fight,
Betwixt two Sons of the old *Stagirite*?
Flam'd with Ambition, or in love of Truth,
With eager Fury, equal Courage, both
Preſs the litigious Field; they ſtrain their Nerves,
And careful each his watchful Foe obſerves;
With utmoſt Vigour they their Strength exert,
In ſyllogiſtick Forms and Pedants Art:
They ſpread their ſubtil Toils to catch the Foe,
And with ſtrong Reaſons puſh his Overthrow:
Around them crowds the liſtning Youth to hear;
And their grave Judge ſits in his Elbow-Chair:

On equal Learning ſilent Wonder ſits,
And frequent Hums proclaim them dreadful Wits.
At length with blunted Edge and weary Toil,
Their Heats rebated, and their Wit grown dull,
Their pungent Strokes are not ſo ſharp and fine,
As when the ſparkling Wit flaſht thro' the learned Line.
Now let but either try the *Indian* Plant,
Drink up the Vapour, and throw forth the Scent,
That inſtant growing vig'rous, brisk, and ſtrong,
As when fell Monſter from his Mother ſlung,
He boldly ruſhes on his feeble Foe,
And wields with ev'ry Stroke a ſtunning Blow;
The vanquiſh'd Hero at his Mercy lyes,
But it was Puff that fought the glorious Prize:
But on the other ſide, ſhould both think fit,
With equal Whiffs to ſharpen blunted Wit,
And ſtrongly aided with a freſh Recruit,
Renew the Battle with a warm Diſpute;
With doubtful Iſſue now the Battle glows,
The duſty Field is held with hardy Blows;
Nor does the Combat end till gloomy Night,
When both commanded from the eager Fight,
The learned Judge ſends both the Wranglers home
With equal Praiſe, but neither overcome.

Thus it's reported, in the *Trojan* War,
With much Renown was once a gallant Pair,

Both Sons of Phyſick, by *Aſclepius* bred,
Machaon one, whoſe Name the Country ſpread;
The other *Podalyrius* well skill'd,
In all the Simples of the graſſy Field:
To try their Skill at *Agamemnon*'s Suit,
Both were enjoyn'd in publick to diſpute;
The Subject, *Indian* Plant; they Battle wage,
With loving Friendſhip; but a ſeeming Rage,
One of them damn'd *Virginia*, tho' he ſmoak'd;
The other raving mad, and much provok'd,
With fiery Fury at his Brother flew,
With eager Love, but his Affection true
Commends.—But e'er the thrilling Trumpet ſounds,
And gives the Alarm on the martial Grounds,
With dext'rous Speed they quaff a Cup of Sack,
And after light their Pipes, and ſmoak Tabac;
With this rich Cordial they their Courage whet,
And with the Incenſe point malignant Wit;
With brandiſh'd Force, revengeful Arms are flung,
And winged Miſchief ſpeeds from nimble Tongue;
The ratling Bolts are thrown on either Side,
But ſwift retorted with an equal Pride;
Nor have they Reſpite in the duſty Field,
But what the ſmoaking of a Pipe does yield;
With joyful Smoke, exhauſted Strength returns,
And eager Fury for the Battle burns;
Againſt the Brother, the dear Brother fights,
And mingled Blood in mingling Blood delights;

Until by Proclamation of the King,
Who with his Royal Preſence grac'd the Ring,
Both were commanded to depart the Field,
But neither of them wou'd the Conqueſt yield.

Thus fell our *Indian* by a Wit condemn'd,
But roſe again protected by a Friend;
With doubtful Iſſue did the Combat laſt,
And which prevail'd o'er which, was only gueſt;
For pointed Wit with Eloquence combin'd,
Prevails o'er Reaſon, and deceives Mankind.

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Both were commanded to depart the Field,
But neither of them wou'd the Conquest yield.

Thus fell our Indian by a Wit condemn'd,
But role again protected by a Friend;
With doubtful Hope did the Combat last,
And which prevail'd o'er which, was only guest;
For pointed Wit with Eloquence combin'd,
Prevails o'er Reason, and deceives Mankind.

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